

Leaving it All Behind

A Faceless Tale

by Christopher E. Gilmore

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Growing Old

Childish laughter fills the air
The sun shines upon the eastern plains
For a moment
All is wondrous and magical
To the eyes of a child
So quickly tainted by this world
That forces us to grow up
Just a little bit faster
Than nature intended

Is imagination such a bad thing?
Should we stop dreaming
Just because we've grown up?
Should we simply accept the loss
Of our fondest childhood whimsies?
Should we replace them
With the dull, grey, fantasy-less thoughts
Adults are supposed to think?

Is it selfish to desire
Eternal inner childhood?
Can't there remain a part of us
Untouched by time and cynicism?
Is life worth living
When childlike wonderment is completely lost
And the burdens of adulthood
Discourage absurd musings?

Let the children play!
Never tell them to grow up
They'll do that soon enough
They've nary the time
To enjoy their childhood
Without miserable adults stepping in
Trying to speed up the process
Simply because they can't stand
Anything that's different than them
They see in the child's eyes
The things they lost so long ago
That can never be their's again

Dance, age-less human soul!
So long as you laugh
We have some hope
Of never truly growing old

The Human Soul

The mirror reflects an image
Unlike the one in my mind's eye
Is that my face? It can't be...
That is not who I am
Who is this imposter
Running the show
That's hidden me behind
A wooden mask and curtain?

I try to speak but I cannot make a sound
I try to scream but it comes out as a whimper
I attempt to breathe but there is no air
Within the dark I'm suffocating
As the imposter overtakes
Every aspect of my being
Thus eliminating the real
For the sake of becoming
Exactly like they want me to be

I'm thinking somebody else's thoughts
I'm fighting for a cause I don't believe in
I've forsaken purpose and fulfillment
For easy living amongst those
Who cannot love me as I am

“Break me! Erase what’s left!
Until I have become as nothing
Then mold me into your ideal
Make me into a model citizen!
Replace my heart with a machine
Re-wire the circuitry of my mind
Until I am completely hollow
A robot made only to do your bidding.”

Can I regain that which
I never should have sacrificed?
Priceless and irreplaceable...
The human soul
Is not a commodity to be bought and sold

A Thousand Voices

I am one thousand different people
 Within a single soul
I have a mask for every possible situation
I excel at telling them what they want to hear

One thousand voices
Scream one thousand different things
I cannot hear one of them over the other
 It's one incomprehensible noise
 I've grown so accustomed to
 That I simply tune it out
And respond to each individual
 With a smile and a nod
And maybe a few words
 To pacify them

Are there any amongst them
 That I should listen to?
Do any of them possess the answers
 To our existential quandaries?

I'm not sure what to think
 Assuming I ever was
Were you to say the sky is purple
It would not take much to convince me
Confusion reigns in my mortal mind
 Humanity is so easily warped
 It's no wonder we struggle
Just to keep from drowning ourselves

I'm tired of playing these stupid mind games
I won't abide by other's rules
Were they honest they would admit
They don't know anything more than I do
We're all ignorant, we should be seeking truth
Instead of running around in circles
While a select few take advantage
Of our metaphysical predicament
For the sake of lining their pockets with gold
At the expense of fearful, earnest seekers

I don't know who I am or what to believe
At least I'm willing to admit that

The Key

Welcome, shadows!
So deceptive and clever
You are not what you say you are
But like a fool
I buy what you have to sell
Though it costs more
Than I would like to pay
I smile, feigning satisfaction
Though I'm still empty
And my pocket's a little lighter
And another part of me's gone missing
Sadly, I no longer care

Welcome, friends!
At least that's what you claim to be
But if I showed you
Who I really am
Would you still remain?
There is something ugly inside
But there's also untold beauty
All in all I am no different
Than any other human being
Still realness is a little too intense
In this world of pretenders and hypocrites

Welcome, illusion!
 You bring comfort
 In the form of a cage
 I claw at the bars
 For hours at a time
 Before I resign myself to my fate
 And drift away
 Upon the cold steel floor
 All the while forgetting
 I hold the key to the door

My spirit is gone
 I sold it for a piece of bread
 It was stale; I could've gotten it for free
 Had I been a little more discerning

What has this world come to?
 A priceless human being
 Can be bought and sold on the market
 For a couple pennies and a dime
 Oftentimes less
 If you know how to bargain
 And if there's no sign of desperation
 If there is no fear in your eyes
 You may get for free
 What costs others their lives

Slave to our own devices
 Begging to be set free
 All the while ignoring
 That in our pockets
 Rests the key...

Leaving the Fold

At exactly forty minutes after nine
They begin their march
Into the auditorium
Lined up single file
They take their seats
In the pews before the altar
And engage in idle chitchat
During the minutes leading up
To the event they've come here for

They smile and they laugh
Exchanging pleasantries like always
As if all is well
Though they're not fooling anyone
Even the most casual observer
Could tell you that something's gone awry
In this land of make-believe
Full of pretenders that would never dare
To state their honest feelings
No matter how bad the problems get
Or unbearable the situation becomes

All eyes are fixed on the grey haired man
 That has taken center stage
 He leads them first in song
 And demands their attention after
 As if he's got something important to say
 He forces a smile and he fakes a few tears
 When he cracks a bad joke
 Stilted laughter fills the room
 He goes on for what seems like hours
 Repeating himself and stumbling over his words
 Till at last he releases the congregation

He judges as if he's somehow of a higher breed
 He seeks to control as if everyone else
 Is but a mindless sheep that cannot think or reason
 Without his unwanted help
 His eyes examine every inch of a person
 Seeking out the smallest flaw
 He scrutinizes every word
 He criticizes without saying a thing
 And those who fail to live up to his standards
 Are disciplined as cocky children

 "Who can criticize a man
 Granted authority by the divine itself?
 He is doing as he is meant to!
 To question is to rebel!
 Conform or face the wrath
 Of the One that is higher than him!"

The silent ones have much to say
 Make no mistake
 Yet they are silent not because they must be
 They have no qualms about venting amongst themselves
 They would gladly stand behind the first to speak
 Yet none of them say anything when it is of consequence
 Merely because they fear the repercussions
 They turn a blind eye to the state of their world
 As it slowly crumbles around them
 Giving way to the void

“How long can this continue?”
 “If I were a betting man
 I’d put all my cash on the line
 And say another three months, tops.
 If it lasts longer it won’t be by much.”
 “Indeed. A smart man would leave now.
 There’s no point in staying on board
 Of a sinking ship.”

I refuse to take part in this

I keep to myself and sit far in the back
 Slipping away whenever I first get the chance
 Yes, I take part in the facade
 But only because I have an obligation to fulfill
 When that is no longer a factor
 I will leave and never glance behind
 I feel suffocated here
 I need to escape while I’ve still got time

Before I leave I will quietly fade
 Giving no hint of my true intentions
 By the time they know
 It will be far too late
 I will already be gone
 I won't leave the slightest trace

Will they notice?
 Will they care?
 Will they try to stop me?
 Will they do anything at all?
 Will they sit idly by and watch
 As another leaves the fold?

Part of me wants them to notice
 Part of me wants them to express concern
 Tell me, does the time I spent here mean anything?
 Alas, I'd rather not know
 It'll be easier if nobody pays attention
 I doubt they'd understand if I tried to explain
 This hurts enough as it is
 Without former friends
 Becoming adversaries

Goodbye, pretenders
 Rest uneasily, ole grey-hair
 I'm moving on
 I shan't return here ever again

Meaning

Lying here upon the damp ground
I stare up as the sky changes
From blue to bluish-black
And the distant specks of light
Innumerable, endless, become visible
As the world is bathed in pale moonlight

My mind wanders by itself
To places I would rather not go
But my defenses have been lowered
I cannot resist these thoughts so easily
And I ponder the existential conundrums
That continue to plague all humanity

Who am I?
Why am I here?
What is my purpose in life?
Is there any meaning at all?
Are we lost?
Perpetually running around in circles
All the while trying to convince ourselves
That it's not a futile effort
That we are accomplishing something
Even though it's not obvious
What, exactly, that something is
It can't all be for nothing...

God, are you there?
Do you exist?
Or are you a figment
Of our collective imagination?
Can you tell me the answer?
Rather, would you?
Or are you just as clueless as we are?
A being more powerful
With a much greater mind
That's still unable to figure out
The truth behind the meaning of life

Neither sages nor fools
Have stumbled upon the ultimate solution
Is such a search foolish?
A fruitless endeavor bound forever to yield naught?

I am as a grain of sand
If I were to die suddenly
Life would go on as it always has
As if I had never been here

It doesn't matter what I do
 I won't be remembered
 For more than a couple of generations
 Maybe a few ages
 If I'm lucky enough to secure a place
 In the history book's pages
 But great is a subjective term
 Whatever excellence is today
 It will be something else tomorrow
 My achievements then will be as nothing
 No matter how proud of them I may be

It does me no good to contemplate such things
 It just makes my already complicated life
 A little harder to lead
 If the answers are there to be found
 I'll find them soon enough
 But not until they've lost all relevance
 Assuming relevant is a word
 That could ever be applied to them
 We have a habit of making things
 More difficult for ourselves
 Than they ever have to be

For now I accept
 That in the greater scope
 I'm an ignoramus; I know absolutely nothing
 I'm quite content with that
 I suppose I have to be

Destiny

Destiny, fate, circumstance...

Life will happen
And take me along for the ride
With or without my consent
Do I have any say at all?
Is choice an illusion?

Am I ruled by that
Which has no corporeal form?
Is my will free?
Or is this a puppet show
A drama playing out
Exactly as its mastermind
Has planned?

Spinning round and round
Upon a globe
Drifting through space
At speeds unknown
To the common man
Unaware of the forces at work
Within the universe

We can change our roles
We can guide our destiny
The only question
Is how, exactly,
Do we go about doing it

Spinning round and round
Until the end of time..

Purpose

I didn't come here to die
 But as for the real reason
 I am at a loss
 Tell me, does everything we do
 Have to have a purpose?
 Isn't meaning just an illusion?
 I'm getting ahead of myself
 I'm saying things
 I promised I never would
 But something tells me
 These words must be spoken
 If only to add another note
 Another dissonant sound
 To this song of chaos
 Called human existence

When all the man-made concepts
 Have been stripped away
 When every absolute
 Has been rendered false
 A mere thought in the human mind
 An illusion given power only by agreement
 What, then, shall remain?
 When the inescapable silence
 Has engulfed all and everyone
 And we are forced to face the true nature
 Of the universe and ourselves
 And all that's left to do is nothing
 What, then, shall follow?

“Have you ever wondered if it isn’t the lack of purpose that has caused us such distress, but rather the idea that we must have one? In our search for meaning we have become obsessed and we have cleverly convinced ourselves that we will not be happy until we’ve found what we’re looking for. Consider, for a moment, if that is the reason we rest so uneasily during the night? What if we were to abandon the notion of purpose and merely enjoy the moment for what it is? We think ourselves such high and mighty creatures, so complicated in our inner workings. The reality of it is that we are quite simple, and it is because we have denied ourselves simplicity that we continue this fruitless struggle for something greater. We know this, and yet it has only served to fuel the madness rather than put an end to it. We fear simplicity, we fear silence, we’re afraid of what the truth might be if we’re wrong.

Ultimately, our greatest fear is of that which we need the most.”

Change

This is going to sound selfish
And, admittedly, it is
You know how I feel about this
I don't want things to change
Life's been hard for me as it is

Do you think you could wait?
Why not put it off
Until your decisions have no effect
On the life that I lead?
Is that so unreasonable?

I have finally found a place
Where I am happy
Where they accept me
I never want to leave
I don't want to say, "goodbye"

But... There is only so much time
And things are changing
No matter how I try
There's nothing I can do to stop it
Go ahead... Forget I said anything

I should have known better
Than to grow roots
To become attached
It's all falling apart
Whether I stay or go, it no longer matters

Do what you must do
And live as happily as you can
My desires should be of no concern
They are unrealistic
What I want cannot be

Everything is temporary
Fleeting as the seasons
The wind often changes direction
So does life completely change in a moment
It is best not to linger... It's time to move on

Justice

The fallen cry out for justice
The mute desperately search
For a means to communicate
The few souls possessing enough courage
To make known the thoughts
Of those without voices
Are slaughtered where they stand
Before they can say more than a word
The few who would have stood by them scatter
They're kept in line by fear
The corrupt are enabled
To continue in their treachery
Without the slightest bit of resistance
They shed no tears in remorse

The pot is boiling
Soon the day will come
Fear can only influence for so long
Before desperation overpowers
Any desire for self preservation
Either way, everything's at risk
Even the most cowardly
Will charge blindly forward
When there is nothing left to lose

But is that justice?
The malice within the hearts of the people
Will transform them into what they hated
If only for a single moment
As the tyrants meet their end
Thus shall the cycle continue
Hatred breeds hatred
It can create nothing else
Whatever drives them
Is also what they create

Destruction brings about creation
But how many times
Can that which is broken
Be rebuilt?

Fear

He torments the weak
And crushes the frail
While laughing as the rest
Cower in his shadow
Few dare to face him
None know of what
Has become of the heroes
That have confronted him
With their swords drawn
And their hearts strong
They disappeared
In one glorious flash of light
And he remained
Ever more heinous and terrible
Ready to wreak havoc
Upon those the heroes
Left behind

He mocks them
He plays with their minds
Til they cower like children
And plead for their lives
He appears to be a ruthless beast
But there is less to him
Than the eye can see
None on this side
Know the key to the mystery
Behind this shadow foe

“What will you do
 Now that your heroes are gone?
 How could you leave
 Your fate in the hands
 Of a few brave individuals?
 Why do you not fight for yourselves?
 This battle cannot be won alone!
 So why do you hide
 While the soldiers fight?”

“Look at him!
 There’s nothing us ordinary folk can do.”

“What separates you
 From the heroes
 Other than your state of mind?”

The End of the World

And so it's come to this...
I'm not the least bit surprised
As I sit here, gazing upward,
Casually sipping red wine
As the world around catches fire
And the sky erupts with dazzling colors

Screams drown out all other sound
As both the guilty and the innocent
Watch their lives come crumbling down
As flames fall from the heavens
Consuming all in purifying heat
A spectacle wondrous yet terrifying

Aware but unalarmed
I toss my glass and watch it break
Upon the hard-as-concrete ground
I laugh, most think I'm mad
And I dance as if this is the best of times
For a person to be alive

A few others join
Many with tears in their eyes
None know the full scope
Of what we've lost this night
Yet we shall live until we die
Tis' the best way to exit life

Who shall live when all is extinguished
And all that remains is rubble and ashes?
What will come of the brave world to follow?
Will we move on or drown in sorrow?
Regardless, we shall dance
Until the morrow...

“Let us mourn over the fallen
But not for long; we’ve no time!
I understand, and this sounds harsh,
But we’ve got to keep moving
Lest we fail to live
And cause the beloved dead to suffer longer.”

Father

You smile and then you scowl
You laugh and then you yell
You love and then you hate
You encourage
Then guile spills from your mouth
So what are you, really?
Of Jekyll and Hyde
Which one best reflects
The person that lies inside?

You're not angry with me
I can see it in your eyes
You fight so hard to protect
That which you don't need to defend
And though you're surrounded
By thick stone walls
A few know of what you keep hidden
Ironically, there's a transparent nature
To your clever disguise
What you'd never admit
Is clear to anyone that's observant
Even those without two eyes

You wrestle with self hatred
 Every moment you're alive
 Your real self decaying further
 Every time you tell another lie
 It's a vicious cycle
 Winding forever downward
 And in your desperate attempts
 To redeem yourself
 And put a stop to it
 You drag me down, along with another
 And together we've stumbled
 Yet we shan't suffer your fate

At that, I would hope you're relieved

You say so many wonderful things
 Honestly, I find them hard to believe
 Words are cheap; they don't cost anything
 And your actions tell
 An entirely different story

To be truthful, I want nothing more
 Than for the reality of this situation
 To match the flowery words
 You use so liberally
 Alas, it is but a fool's hope
 That all might change for the better
 Regardless, you have my pity father
 But now I pray only for my salvation
 You are too far gone, and too stubborn
 To be saved from the death trap
 Of your own creation

Goodbye, father I never knew
Buried alive before my birth
I wished only to catch a glimpse of you
But it was not meant to be
And it's too late to stop your suffering
May you find rest somewhere far away
A place both existent and non,
On the other side where paradox meets truth
And reality is far stranger
Than any human could possibly perceive

Yet even that cannot match
The absurdity of how you lived and died
Nothing is stranger
Than a human being that lives
But chooses not to be alive

The Face-Less One

Let this day go down in unwritten history
As the day I claim my independence
From the shackles and chains
I've worn for so long
That have kept me bound to this stone wall
Where, until now, I have been but
A helpless victim of circumstance
Watching his life pass him by
As age slowly drained from him
Whatever it is he had and desired to give

I am not who I was before
No, that man is dead
His corpse was buried alive
Somewhere in the back of my mind
I set the mask he wore aflame
And watched as it burned away
I threw the ashes into the wind
Then I closed my eyes
There was nothing...
No thought, no noise
No world outside, no world within

So what am I now without my former identity?
 What will they think, what will they say?
 The mask served to cover
 The inky blackness I wished to hide
 In fear of pain, in fear of scorn
 I wish not to be mocked
 For feeling human emotion
 Or for being what I am
 Whatever that is

 I am Face-Less
 A being searching for light
 And redemption
 Though redemption from what
 He cannot tell
 He's tired of being lied to
 He's tired of conforming
 His only true desire
 Is to become real
 Rather than continue to wear a mask
 Like everyone else is doing

 They think that hiding their true selves
 Is the only way they can survive
 Why are they so miserable?
 Why must they conceal what makes them different?
 Since when has uniqueness been a crime?
 Is it wrong to feel and express those feelings?
 Is it really so dangerous to think outside the box?

They drag themselves out of bed in the morning
 For a purpose even they don't know
 They repeat the daily drudgery
 Til' at last they die
 And then what?
 Is that the best life has to offer?
 Is that what we're meant to be?

I don't care if I'm right
 It doesn't matter
 It never did
 We're all wrong at least some of the time
 Really, isn't it better to be wrong
 And to live than it is to be right
 And slowly wither?

Let it be known that I am the Face-Less one!
 I will forge my own path through life
 State your opinions, scoff if you like
 Criticize every single choice I make
 It's your right to believe what you choose
 Just as it's my right to follow this path
 So help me or watch from a distance
 If you've got nothing better to do
 Then perhaps you should build a life of your own
 Instead of shooting down those
 Attempting to do the so-called impossible

Rain

Rose petals drift upon the breeze
This quiet, cold September morning
Dark clouds loom in the western sky
The sound of thunder breaks the silence
And for some time after there is calm
Til at last the first raindrop falls
Upon my hood as I sit
With my back against a boulder
At the side of the northern road

It's been a long journey
I'm weary; I wish to go home
Alas, it is so far behind
If that place can be called my own
Freedom is what my heart desired
And free it is to do as it pleases
But for what reason has it sought this?
Thus far it has done nothing
It fails at its attempts to soar
Though its wings are not broken

At what cost will it come?
All I've fought so hard for
That I have finally won
I know the road I travel
But I haven't a clue where I'm going
Tell me God, what is my destiny?
What is my potential as a human being?
Through what means can I achieve it?
What does fate have in store for me?

The sound of the rain
Washes all these heavy thoughts away
For but a single moment
My mind is as a blank slate
A rare occurrence, this mental silence
A state of total thought-less being
What joyous ecstasy...
I over-think everything

Suddenly a rainbow appears across the sky
Maybe things aren't as bad or as complicated
As I made them out to be...

Time

Tick, tock, time marches on
 With cold indifference towards
 The struggles of humans
 Some try desperately to ignore
 The grim realities of age
 Others try just as hard
 To live as if they've got
 Just one more day
 And some are just as indifferent
 As the hands on the clock

A boy becomes a man
 In but the blink of an eye
 Shortly thereafter he's in his grave
 And for his children the same awaits
 So shall it be til time comes to a stop
 Or life transcends mortal bonds
 And we are not thus limited
 By outside circumstances

Is death an enemy to be fought?
 Or an entity that simply performs
 A job that must be done?
 It is a natural part of life
 But are we to accept it or fight?
 Should we march in rhythm with time
 Or attempt to overcome it to save our own lives?

The clock keeps ticking the seconds away
And the hours... And the days...
And it will always do the same
As it has since the first age
Until the illusion has served its purpose
And the cycle has accomplished its goal

Whatever that may be...

Self

Barriers, walls
Seemingly indestructible
A self-made cage
I'm unaware I built
Trapped and bound
Only by my own thoughts
Resisting what I want
And need the most
With it comes change
Irrevocable, unstoppable
My self will be gone
Never to be replaced
What will I be then?

It's already too late to turn back..

Where is it I will find
All that I desire?
What will make me happy?
Is there anything
That can give my life meaning?
I have toiled
For ten thousands years
And I've nothing to show
I'm just a broken man
Torn between change and survival

I don't understand
Am I supposed to?
Whatever's happening
I don't like it
Yet... I've never felt so free

Broken Wings

What happened to that fire in your eyes?
That contagious, all-encompassing zest for life?
There was a time when you could brighten a room
Just by stepping through the door
When you smiled the dark clouds ran
And even the depressed laughed and sang
As if, for once, all was right in the world
And in those moments everyone danced
Because you were yourself
And by being what nobody else
Had the courage to be
You made things a little better
For whomever had the privilege
Of coming into contact with you

I've never seen you with your head hung
Nor have you ever shed a tear in sorrow
Come hell or high water
You were as a rock
Stable, level-headed, you always had a plan
And if you didn't you waited it out
What has happened to you
In the time we've been apart?
You're waist deep in mud and sinking
You, the one who first said to me, "never say die"
And if I'm not mistaken I heard you sobbing
The last time I turned my head
When I looked at you
You hid your face...But I could see the tears
As they rolled down your chin

It is not a sign of weakness to struggle
Like it or not, you are a human
And as a human there will be times
When you just can't hold it together
No matter how hard you fight
It would do you good
Not to keep it all bottled up inside
And talk to somebody about it!
You of all people should know
That no matter what you're facing
You needn't face it alone

Enter the dark night of the soul
And emerge better than you were before
I don't know how far you've fallen
But once your wings have healed
You'll reach heights you've never imagined
Even in your dreams... Immeasurably high
Is the height to which you will soar

Hell

You've been down a hard road
And the worst is yet to come
"Will this ever end?"
Honestly, I don't know
This is your life
Reality is what you make of it
It can end at any time
You need only choose your destiny

You asked me long ago
Whether or not I would save you
You pleaded with me
As you cried
And I held you
I replied, "of course I will"
But I don't think I can
I've given you all I've got
Sadly, that isn't enough

What you ask none can do
Though I will not throw you to the wolves
I will stay here at your side
And when you're too weak to go on
I will act as your crutch
But try as I might
I cannot fix you
I cannot un-break what has been broken
I cannot go where the shadows dwell
It is in your thoughts they torment you
And you alone can enter that realm

Do not fear the fires of hell
It hurts, but you won't be consumed
It's really not so bad
As long as you keep
Your wits about you

Take responsibility
And do what you must do
Trust me, you'll be better for it
Though it isn't easy
It is worthwhile
And should you fail
You can die with a smile
Knowing that even though you fell
You gave it everything
And lived with heart

You see, dying is easy
It's living that's hard

My Love

Roaring thunder breaks the silence
This ordinary, Autumn evening
She falls from the clouds
An unconscious celestial being
Of unrivaled beauty
Tears stream down her face
“What did I do wrong?”
She mutters as she dreams

The people down below watch
When she lands none rush to pick her up
They just go on, as they always do
About their own business
Without concern for anything else

She is bruised but barely bleeding
Wounded not from the fall
But the events preceding
Her eyes are open
But she's unaware
Of where she is or why she's lying there
She speaks a word to not one passerby
And they are content to ignore her
As she sobs, as she cries

What happened to you
Maiden most fair?
Your robes are tattered and stained
You've got a bump on your head
And your ankles are sprained
And your wings are broken
And the light in your eyes is fading
Will you say nothing?
For what are you waiting?

She limps into the dark alleyway
Clothed in brown rags
She offers the apple she found
To a starving child
Covered in black soot
Ignoring the fact the she, too, is starving
She goes on til she can't keep walking

My love, such a tragic beauty
My love, lean against me
Let me carry you for a while
Let me heal your wounds
You've given enough
Now let me give something to you

My love, where have you gone?
My love, you have vanished...
Not a lock of hair, nor a piece of cloth
Nor the scent of your perfume
Just the sound of your voice
Echoing in my thoughts...

A Good Day

I awoke this morning
Feeling slightly ill
And it was cold
And the sky was clouded over
And the wind denied me quiet
As I laid in bed
Wishing I could sleep
For five minutes longer
Alas, there was too much to do
And no time left for slumber...

I did what I had to do
As best as I possibly could
Which, it just so happens,
Was not very well
But I could not go home
For another three hours
Maybe more
Seeing as how someone
Would have to stay late
In order to correct
Some rather stupid mistakes
That would never had been made
Had my wits been about me

All I wanted was to take a hot shower
But when I came home
I found only cold water came out
And I, cold as I already was,
Felt nearly frozen
By the touch of just a few
Water droplets

While I cannot go a day
Without embarking upon
Some sort of creative pursuit
It seems my muse is on vacation
And the blank page I began with
Is still white as the snow outside
Untouched by ink or lead
Part of me wants to sit here
Until I come up with something
And part of me
Just wants to go to bed

I leaned back in my chair
And chuckled under my breath
“What a day it’s been”
Was the only thought
That came into my head

I stood up and stretched
And dressed myself in warm clothes
Then stepped outside for a moment
To gaze at the stars
I took a deep breath
The cold air invigorated me
“All things considered
It really wasn’t that bad of a day.”

It was at that moment
The lights inside went out
My mind fell silent
A second later I laughed so hard
I nearly fell down

I wrapped myself in thick, warm blankets
And drifted away
As images of far off places
Calmed my tired mind

This Moment

The song of the birds
Floats on the cool spring breeze
Calming me as I lie on the grass
And enjoy the day
As it passes me by
All too quickly, I must say

It's times like this
That serve to remind
The simple things really are
What makes life worth living
It doesn't take a lot
To be fulfilled

Why do days like these
Ever have to end?
Why must children grow up?
Why must adults work themselves to the bone?
Why are we so many
Yet we're so afraid of being alone?

Now is not the time to think
My mind, for once, agrees
And for a blissful moment
There is quiet
Just the birds, the breeze
And the sound of leaves rustling

Though time may travel ever onward
I will never leave this moment...

Begin Anew

Living life as a waking dream
Day by day, wondering
If all is as it really seems
Endlessly, maybe pointlessly
As the cyclical routine repeats
Over and over and over
My mind wandering all the while
Considering possibilities
That may never be
But are interesting nonetheless
Proving life to be still more complex
And yet, so very simplistic
Amazing in so many ways...
It helps to keep things interesting

I prefer mystery to the known
I revel in the search rather than the arrival
In fact, there are days when I hope
I never reach that far off destination
I'm slowly moving towards
While it may be wonderful
The journey is a one time experience
And I want to soak it in
While I have the chance
Lest I miss something
And later wish I could go back
Once the final bridge has burned down

The end of one chapter begins another
So shall I begin anew each morning
When the sun sets, or each night
Beneath the velvet sky...

A Note From the Author
(Or some guy claiming to be him)

Finally, this thing is done. Or at least as done as it's ever going to be. For now. Maybe.

Assuming any work of literature can ever be considered complete. It seems there's always something more to add, a concept or two that wasn't thoroughly explored, a few little tweaks here and there that could be made to improve the overall quality of the work.

And yet, when one obsesses over everything else that could be done, it either remains unfinished for a lifetime or it loses it's heart and soul in the editing process. The thoughts as they first appear on the page are the essence of what the author wants to write, and it is in that raw form that the feeling and the passion behind it is most evident, at least to the one writing it. Refine it just a little and you have something that's universally understood; refine it a little bit more and you might have something great on your hands. But take care not to eliminate every flaw and mistake, otherwise it loses its human touch and thus begins to sound more mechanical with each iteration.

In other words, I'm too lazy to go back and do more editing right now, so you'll just have to live with it as it is.

However, there will be revisions released over the course of the next ten years, and each incarnation will be a little bulkier and more shoddily written than the last. The final iteration will number two-thousand pages in length, (mostly comprised of blank space and gibberish) it will weigh far more than a book made of paper should, and it will come with a hot pink tire iron and a special edition cologne. (Which drives either sex mad, but not in a good

way.)

If there's a point to all of this, I suppose now is as good of a time as any to get to it. The problem is that I'm not exactly sure that there is a point... I seem to be keeping myself in the dark on this one. And I'm better off not asking what I'm thinking, seeing as how it only serves to irritate me. If I don't want me to know what I'm thinking, it's best just to let it lie and do something else.

When I started writing this, I didn't have a specific purpose in mind. In fact, I didn't have a project planned out. These are concepts I have toyed with since as far back as I can remember, and these poems are the summary of my thoughts as they ran through my mind.

In some cases the sentiment is deeply personal, and in others it's something far more generic and general... Relatable is probably the word I'm looking for. Of course, these deeply personal sentiments are meant to be shared, even if I'm the only one that truly understands the meaning of the words on those pages.

Each of us ascribes a certain meaning to whatever we read (or otherwise absorb through our senses) based upon our personal experience and thoughts and so on. Far be it from me to say that those interpretations are any less accurate than my own, because my work stands apart from me now. In a way it is a separate creature with its own soul, and I have merely viewed it through my eyes and attributed something to it as any other reader would. To say that something has one and only one proper meaning and purpose is, in most cases, inaccurate.

The act of writing these poems was essentially how I burned the bridges I had crossed. I have studied the past, I

have learned all I can from it, and I know I never want to go back to where I was. The road that lay ahead is unfamiliar and to tread upon it is a frightening thing, yet it's exhilarating all the same. There are infinite possibilities, far beyond what the human mind could ever possibly imagine. There is always a chance that my worst fears could be realized, but it's worth the risk considering the alternative is a life lived forever asking, "what could have been?"

While I still have your attention, is there one thing I want to say? One thought I wish to share? A little tidbit of information that could do you some good? Something that, whether it alters your life in its entirety or encourages a mere five second thought process, will make an impact?

If I have something to say like that, it is this: never underestimate your own significance. See, I have shared these poems and personal thoughts because I think they may be of benefit to some. I don't think myself to be that good of a writer, though I'm not horrible by any means. I'm just getting started and this is an amateurish effort at best. Yet it is worth sharing, because it is what I have to give, and what I have to give may be of greater value than I could ever estimate.

This is true of us all. Each of us has something to give, and no matter how small or minor it may seem it is of the highest significance. Each of us is unique in that only we are capable of doing a certain thing in a specific way, and in sharing that with others we change the world. We might all be individuals but we function as one body, therefore one person is paradoxically independent and a part of the whole, so to impact one in a positive way is to impact the lives of many.

I don't know what the result of my efforts will be.

Frankly, it's none of my business. It doesn't matter if I know, it doesn't matter if I get the credit. I don't determine the worth of my words, the reader does. And nobody can determine the value of another so it would be foolish for me to allow opinions, whether they be praise or criticism, to influence me.

If we would give, and we would do so without reservation, this world would be a much better place than it is. The world is not horrible because that is its natural disposition. No, things have gone awry as a result of our influence. We have always been the masters of our own destiny, and I think we fear that. We don't want to be responsible for guiding our own lives. What if something goes wrong? What if, in the end, we are the only ones we can blame?

Whether we push the blame onto something or someone else, we are still responsible. Lying to ourselves might make us feel better, but it doesn't do any good in the long run.

It is through honesty that we can attain unity, and through unity we can begin to fix things and take steps in the right direction. It's both exciting and frightful, yet there is no need to be afraid. We need only step forward to begin anew and reconstruct this world however we desire.

It begins on an individual level, and it spreads outward from there. If the world is to change, we must become the embodiment of that change. Until we do, things will merely continue on as they have been, and we all seem to be in agreement that that hasn't been working out very well.

Whether this world becomes heaven or hell, we will deserve it. Maybe I'm naive, but I think we'll make things right someday. At the very least it does me good to think that.

I have only said what's already been said a thousand times. I hope that this reaches only those that I can reach, and that it'll spread out from there.

If it doesn't... At least this thing will make a good paperweight and/or doorstop. It's my first completed project, and it's worth putting out there if only for that reason.

Regardless of the outcome, this is only the beginning.

You may contact me at the following e-mail addresses.

Please send any questions, comments or constructive criticism to: the_faceless_man204@yahoo.com

Please send all hate mail and death threats to:
thisemailaddressdoesntexist11010@yahoo.com

Yes, that is an actual e-mail address. I don't guarantee that you'll get a reply if you send something to it, and if you do it will probably be because I'm bored and I find it entertaining to mock you. If you send that kind of thing over the internet you probably deserve it.

And if you like what you read here I only ask that you purchase a copy through the link below. If you didn't like it, delete this file and wash your brain of its memory.

If it touched you in some way, then it has served its purpose. If it didn't, then it wasn't for you. I won't lie, I'd like to make some money off of this, but only if my readers feel it has merit. If you do, please buy it.

There are a few more poems included in the retail version, but it's really no more than a bonus. You won't be missing out on much of anything if you don't buy it. Buying it is simply the easiest way to give back to the author. I also have a PayPal account for those who would prefer that, but it's not linked to either of the above e-mails. You'll have to e-mail me at the one ending in 204 if you want me to send information on how you can donate money through PayPal.

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